

Ask Me No Questions

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Category: Passions

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-12 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-12 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:38:30

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,098

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Passions humor fic (I apologize but it was somehow deleted before)

Ask Me No Questions

> <meta name="Generator"> Ask Me No Questionsâ€¦| ****

****WARNING:**** Before you proceed any further, you will be informed only once more of this. The fanfic that you are about to read is a parody, created only with intent of poking fun at the Passions show writers, characters, story, and the actors themselves, not to mention some of the fans and fanfic authors in general. This is satire at its worst; a sarcastic and at times vulgar story that could very well make the writers and half the cast hold a contract out on me at the drop of a hat. ^^;;; (I'mâ€¦| just hoping it won't get me banned from this placeâ€¦|)

But before that happens, I will say one thing on my account- ****DO NOT READ THIS STORY UNLESS YOU HAVE AN OPEN MIND.**** If you're the type who is easily offended by this type of humor, then please refrain from the torture you would otherwise have to endure beneath the words of an outspoken Passions reviewer. But if you don't mind that sort of stuff, then by all means, read on. However, given my warning, I will not be responsible for any feelings harmed and/or destroyed in the viewing of this story. In short:

I am granted immunity from this point forward.

—

And now, the storyâ€¦|

—

One bright and pleasant-as-it-can-be day in the city with the much-contradicting name of Harmony, Luis Lopez-Fitzgerald and

Sheridan Crane were casually strolling down the lane near the park. They passed the old witch known as Tabitha, walking along as if nothing was happening, despite the fact she was cackling at the top of her lungs about her next evil ploy to kill Charity. Or the fact she still carries that doll around, or whenever something happens and the doll is there, they still don't ever think of suspecting herâ€¦go figure.

"Hey Sheridan," Luis finally said, after eighty-seven minutes of walking in silence (but really only ten seconds in television time).

"What?" she asked as the wind began to pick up, howling for reasons only known to the writers.

"Let's fuck!!"

"â€¦I-I beg your pardon?"

"Uhâ€¦" Luis' face turned scarlet, realizing he -might- have been a just -little- bit forwardâ€¦maybe even rude. "I mean, uhâ€¦did you hear a duck?"

"A duck?" she repeated, lowering her eyes. There, she saw it. A white duck with several red streaks in its feathers conveniently placed there for Sheridan's eyes only. For no apparent reason, the heart-wrenching and terrifying memory of Sheridan's past flashed throughout her mind. She lifted her hands for the millionth time and gawked at the nonexistent blood.

"Hey Sheridan." Luis walked around and stepped in front of her. "When are you going to stop interrupting every special moment I have with you with that damn dream?"

"But Luisâ€¦I still don't know whether or not I killedâ€¦"

"Yeah, yeahâ€¦Martin Fitzgerald. But don't you remember? The old coot is dead nowâ€¦or at least, the imposter isâ€¦at this point in timeâ€¦aw, damn. Stupid continuous storyline. The mystery will probably be solved before anybody gets a whiff of this crap-fic. Anyway, he caused nothing but pain for you, our families, and me. Weren't you paying attention to the episo-"

"Oh yeah," Sheridan said. "I forgot. And I was supposed to be free of my nightmare, but then-â€¦hey wait! How do you even know I suspected it was Martin?"

Luis stared blankly at her as if he didn't understand a word she said. "Soâ€¦uhâ€¦you wanna go to the Lobster Shack or something?"

"Sure!"

Together the two walked arm-in-arm to the Lobster Shack, though not too closelyâ€¦after all, the writers wouldn't want them to get together just yet, now would they...

Back at the laneâ€¦or rather, behind it â€¦Tabitha was finishing up

her rant about her next devious scheme to "rid the world of Charity."

"Butâ€| the walking doll protested. "Timmy doesn't understand what Tabitha means by burning Charity. Didn't Tabitha try that before?â€|Princess failedâ€|all three timesâ€|"

The old witch stared down at Timmy in annoyance. "No, no, no, Timmy," she told him. "I said I was going to burn her. Not what I was going to burn her withâ€|hmm. Heh, heh, hehâ€|" She began to walk off with an evil expression, rubbing her palms together in wicked delight at her twisted ideas.

Timmy stood alone in his confusion. "What doesâ€|what does Tabitha mean? If Tabby can't burn Charity with fire, then what-" He stopped and looked up, realizing he was alone. Well, it was supposed to look like the damn doll finally got a brain and realized what Tabitha was going to do, but that would have been TOO unrealistic. "Princess, wait!" He ran after her, dodging the legs of the crowd that apparently didn't notice a talking and mobile independent dollâ€|

Charity Standish, a happy and special teenager, stood on the happy porch of the happy Bennett house in her happy outfit and her happy face gazing out at the world, which, for some happy reason, looked happy to her.

Miguel Lopez-Fitzgerald, Luis' brother, walked up to greet the young girl. "Hey, Charity," he said with all the sunshine in the universe sparkling in his merry eyes and smothering his tone utterly. (Someone gag me with a spoonâ€|)

"Oh, Miguel," she cheered with an overly happy grin on her overly happy face. "I'm so happy you're here. Oh, I'm happy today's a happy day-"

"But Charity," Miguel started. "It's raining and all the leaves are brown-"

"â€|and it's just so happy," Charity continued happily, placing a happy emphasis on the happy word "happy." "Oh, I'm just happy today's another day. And I'm happy I get to spend the day with you, Miguel." She turned toward him with that same happy smile.

Miguel responded to her with a happy grin of his own. "Oh, that's great, Charity," he told her. "Come on, let's take a walk to no particular place where a certain jealous and thickheaded cousin of yours who shall remain nameless and her best friend can spy on us."

"Okay, Miguel," Charity replied in a deliriously happy tone, and began a happy stroll alongside her happy friend.

Out of nowhere, Kay stepped up behind Charity and stabbed her in the happy shoulder with a letter opener.

But Charity turned around, unfazed, and looked at Kay with her usual happy expression. "Oh, hi, Kay! Did you want to join Miguel and me

for a walk?" She happily batted her happy eyelashes at her not-so-happy cousin.

Kay stood openmouthed. "Wh-what the hell?!" she cried shrilly. "Iâ€¦Iâ€¦"

"â€¦came out here because you wanted to hang out with me and Miguel," Charity finished. "Oh, that's great. I'd love to spend some happy time with happy Miguel and my great cousin happy Kayâ€¦"

Kay remained frozen. "N-noâ€¦I came out here to keep you and Miguel apart forever. Th-the letter openerâ€¦"

Charity laughed. "Oh, Kay, you're such a joker! Now come on, maybe we can head out to the happy Book CafÃ©-"

Kay's expression turned horrified. "You IDIOT!!!!!! Did you NOT realize what just happened?! I just STABBED you in the SHOULDER!!!"

Miguel smiled at Kay. "Kay, you're such a great friend," he told her.

"Huh?" Kay whimpered.

"Charity had a fly on her shoulder that was really bugging me. You killed it. Thanks."

Kay's eyes rolled up into her head and she passed out as Miguel and Charity happily turned around and walked arm-in-happy-arm to the Book CafÃ©.

"Happy, happy, happy," Charity chanted dreamily as the duo disappeared.

"Joy, joy, joy," echoed Miguel's voice.

Of course, what they don't know is that old Tabitha is waiting to pounce on the lovely couple with her new schemeâ€¦yeah, I bet nobody could have seen that one comingâ€¦

Meanwhile, at the happy-â€¦er, Book CafÃ©, Whitney, Simone, and Chad were conversing over the counterâ€¦even though Simone absolutely hates it when Whitney and Chad talk to one anotherâ€¦

"So Chad," Simone began. "Have you found out anything new about your past?"

"Nah," answered the young man. "Orville still won't talk. Damn, I still can't believe he tried to burn my birth certificateâ€¦"

"Well, do you know why he tried burning it?" Simone asked while Whitney exchanged an ardent glance with Chad, much to Simone's obliviousness.

"Nah, 'cause even after his apartment burned down, I-â€¦damn, your sister's fine," Chad said, staring intensely at Whitney.

But Simone continued on Chad's past. "I think you might have a better understanding if you-"

"Hey Whitney, are you doing anything right now?" Chad asked.

Whitney blushed. "Come on, Chad," she said. "You KNOW what my mom said about Simone and me staying away from-"

"Aw, screw your moms. Let her think what she wants about me. She can't change the fact we're in love with one another."

"B-but Chadâ€¦" Whitney began nervously.

Chad stepped out from behind the counter, took Whitney into his arms, and kissed her in a way that would make Rhett Butler eat his heart out.

"â€¦but then again, he's pretty senile and is probably just getting worse with time, so he might not be able to even remember what he had for breakfast that morning," Simone went on, lost in her own thoughts. "What do you think, Chad?" She turned around to see Chad and Whitney lost in a passionate embrace. She uttered a groan. "Chad!" she snapped, slapping him on the shoulder. "Are you even paying attention?"

"Mm mmphâ€¦hmm," Chad mumbled.

Simone rolled her eyes at the two, then glared at Whitney. "Whitney, are you coming on to my man?" she demanded.

"Mm-mmm," Whitney replied. "Mphâ€¦mmm."

"You better not," she growled. "Just remember, Chad is MINE. You wouldn't even know what to do with a guy if one fell down your pants, and-â€¦hey! Wait a minute!!!"

Chad released Whitney, and the two faced Simone.

"You two were kissing!!" Simone declared in disbelief.

Chad and Whitney exchanged glances. "Yeahâ€¦so?" said Chad.

"You're not supposed to do that! You're likeâ€¦siblings or something! See, Whitney is the love child of mom and Julian Crane, and since Chad's skin is the same as Whitney's, he's also Julian's son so you two can't ever get together!!!"

Whitney rolled her eyes. "Okay, for the last time, why does EVERYONE think Chad and I are related?! And why does everyone think that, just because I happen to have lighter skin, that I'm only half-black, much less related to Chad Harris? For God's sake, I was in his arms at midnight on New Year's!! We are GOING to get together for crying out loud!â€¦you, Simone, on the other handâ€¦well, I certainly wouldn't be surprised if you were someone else's kid."

"What makes you think I'm someone else's kid?"

"Don't underestimate the writers."

"Oh yeah."

"Yâ€|yeah." Chad looked at Whitney, then picked her up. "Well, I'm not gonna wait for the 'writers' to do ANYTHING. I know I like your sister, and I know she likes me. I'm gettin' some before I discover the author of this pointless parody was wrong all along. See ya, Simone." They exited through the front entrance.

Simone slowly sat down on a stool with a thoughtful expression. "Hmâ€|I wonder what I could do to get Chad to fall in love with meâ€|"

Luis entered the front door to the Lobster Shack, with Sheridan following behind. They spoke with the host, who seated them at a romantic table for two in the middle of the restaurant.

"Thank you," Sheridan said softly as the host helped her into her seat.

"Oh, excuse me, sir," a waiter said to Luis. "You've got a phone call."

"Oh, all right, thanks." Luis arose and headed toward the phones, not even taking note of the fact that no one should have known where he was seconds into a spontaneous date.

All of a sudden, Hank Bennett walked through the door.

Sheridan turned around and stood as Hank approached her. "Hank!" she said, surprised.

"Hey, Sheridan!" the bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, yet wanted-in-God-knows-how-many-countries man said before rudely jamming his tongue down her throat for no reason at all.

"Ugh!" Disgusted, Sheridan pushed him away and accordion-ized all one and a half inches of his peak length with her shoe. "Hank, you're a nice guy, butâ€|"

"Butâ€|?" he repeated, googoo-eyed over the beautiful young woman.

"Get it through your head, man," Luis scolded his best friend, conveniently back from his phone call. "I'm the one who's gonna be boning-â€|uh, PHONING herâ€|after I take her home-â€|er, to her own cottage in which I will not enter so as to not do something to let on that I have the hots for herâ€|and she's not supposed to know that. Well, at least, not until the fans get so pissed off that the writers become fed up with the death threats pouring out of their ears."

Hank stared at the "couple" a while longer. "Uh, I guess I'll go home and pack myself in iceâ€|well, I'll really only need just one of those really tiny cubes for where Sheridan kicked me â€|then I'll be dreaming of Sheridan some more, despite the fact I don't have a snowball's chance in hell with her. Well, or the fact the people that I screwed over in the past few years are finally catching up with me and are going to want a piece of my ass in the episodes to come." He waved at the two. "Later. And don't you go fucking on me. After all,

you can't get together just yet."

Sheridan and Luis stared at one another, not even noticing (or caring) Hank had left. They continued to do this, looking as if they were about to kiss until the scene switchedâ€|oh, why not do that paragraph over.

Sheridan and Luis somehow found themselves in a compromising position ON THE TABLE!!!!â€|or anywhere, ahemâ€|they were about Hank's length away from kissing, and remained frozen in this position until the scene switched.

Back at the Book CafÃ©, Simone was crying her eyes out endlessly. Perhaps it was because she got some of that mascara in her eyeâ€|or because she found out they closed down her favorite weirdo shirt store.

Or maybe she was crying because she finally realized Whitney and Chad were meant to be and she could never get together with Chad, hmmmâ€|NAH.

Kay, who had finally regained consciousness, entered the building five minutes after Miguel and Charity did. She acknowledged her weeping friend.

"Hicâ€|hey Kay," Simone sniffled. "H-h-howâ€|hicâ€|sniffâ€|how are things going with your scheme today?"

"It's GREAT, Simone," Kay said cheerily. "Oh, you should have SEEN it. Miguel and Charity were about to leave for the Book CafÃ©â€|"

"And?"

"Andâ€|I KILLED A FLY ON HER SHOULDER!!!!" Kay finished, chuckling giddily, then stopped when she caught Simone giving her a strange look. "No, waitâ€|aw, damn, I forgot. I meant to stab Charity in the shoulder but killed a fly instead. I guess I must've hit my head hard after I passed out from the shock."

Simone gasped. "Kay!" she scolded. "You would stab your own COUSIN?! Kay Bennett, youâ€|youâ€|"

"What?"

"â€|have such bad aim!" Simone declared, then burst out laughing. "Haha, what a loser. I don't know why I hang out with you. You'll never get Miguel. You can't even kill someone when given the opportunity AND means."

"Sh-shut up," Kay ordered her friend. "Not like you're making progress with Chad either. I saw him making out with Whitney outsideâ€|gave them a number of the nearest motel while I was there, ahemâ€|but anyway, for you, it's a lost cause. That's why you were crying, right?"

"I was crying?"

"Uh, yeahâ€|when I came inâ€|?"

"Ohâ€|oh yeah!â€|wait a minute, I forget what about."

Kay sighed. "Well, nevermind. Come on. Let's just sit over here and cast dirty looks at my cavity-inducing cousin over there, however conspicuous we may be."

Simone drifted off five seconds into Kay's final line, dreaming of her first kiss with Chadâ€|or that freakishly colored nylon shirt she saw in the window ofâ€|some New England shopâ€|or somethingâ€|

Meanwhileâ€|

Tabitha burst in the door of the Book CafÃ© and stormed over to Charity, her bracelets rattling louder than ever. She pointed a finger at the young girl with a frighteningly furious look in her eye, and as the dull ambiance behind her exploded in a brilliantly colorful array of supernaturalism and Martimmys, she-

Tripped over the damn doll itself and fell flat on her face.

"Oh!" cried Charity, rising from her seat. "Tabitha, are you all right?!" She went over to Tabitha and started to help her up. "An old lady like you shouldn't-"

"Oh, get your mitts off of me, you brat!" snarled the witch, moving herself to a standing position. She dusted off her shirt, then glared at the stunned teenager.

"Tabitha, what's wrong?" Charity inquired. "Did something happen?"

"Oh, something happened, all right," Tabitha hissed. "YOU. You've been a thorn in my paw even before you came to Harmony!"

"I don't understand," Charity said, confused. "What have I ever done to you?"

"You're a powerful force from the good side! Your mother Faith knew this, which is why I had to destroy you both. Thankfully, I got rid of her before she had a chance to tell you or Grace of your powers. And now, you must be destroyed. You-"

"But wait a minute," Charity cut in. "Aren't you supposed to be done trying to kill me? You're supposed to be getting me over to your side nowâ€|"

"Don't interrupt, you wretched goody-goody! I'm not finished!â€|.ahemâ€|now, I've been trying to kill you for months now. You've thwarted every plan of mine to eliminate youâ€|because of your blasted powers. You caused me many a headache, cost me the powers that have always resided in me, andâ€|andâ€|"

Charity, who had been perplexed up to now, began to show the slightest bit of fear. "â€|and?"

Tabitha's eyes narrowed as she delivered the final blow. "And you're a BAD ACTRESS!!!!!!!"

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Charity wailed, completely mortified. She began to take in sharp breaths as she sank to her knees. "I'm meltingâ€|meltingâ€|"

"That's my line, you twit!"

"Oh, uhâ€¦I meanâ€¦I'mâ€¦meltingâ€¦butterâ€¦?"

"Oh, knock it off, little Miss Charity," Tabitha told her. "You're not melting, you're fine. Now get up."

"No," Charity sobbed. "You hurt my feelings!"

"Wow," Timmy said softly. "So this is what Tabby meant by burning Charity."

"Get up!" Tabitha commanded.

Charity obediently arose as Miguel put his arm around her. Then, out of nowhere, a giant house-â€|well, make it a Martimmy. A giant Martimmy fell and landed on Tabitha, crushing every bone in her body except her feet where some kick-ass Doc Martens she just happened to have worn that day were nicely placed.

"Oh no!" Timmy cried as everybody finally noticed him. "Timmy's princess is dead!"

"Don't be sad, little happy doll," Charity said, comforting him. "She left us something special."

Timmy opened up his arms and started to smile at Charity until she walked past him, ignoring him. She bent down and retrieved Tabitha's shoes, then put them on. "Aw, perfect fit, too. I'm so happy."

"We're all happy, Charity," Miguel said, embracing her.

"Well, Timmy isn't happy!!! You killed his princess!" He turned around and ran out of the restaurant, screeching a few lines in a Wizard of Oz manner.

Whitney and Chad finally re-entered the tiny caf  , looking half-sleepy and         quite content, then sat down at a table. Next to enter was Ethan, with Gwen and Theresa on both arms. Theresa and Gwen were at it exchanging insults from either side of Ethan.

Ethan let out a weary sigh. "Yes, Gwen, Theresa doesn't have a boyfriend. She's a liar. Yes, Theresa, Gwen's a little mean when it comes to you and was way out of line all those times. You're absolutely right, Gwen. Of course, Theresa. Uh-huh, Gwenâ€¦"

Sheridan and Luis appeared next, and walked past a heartbroken Beth without even noticing her.

"Hey Luis," Sheridan began. "Why have you been ungracefully throwing innuendoes at me all night then acting cold about them?"

Luis shrugged. "Ask the author. She's the pervert writing

this."

Sheridan bit her lip, then exhaled. "I guess. Not like you ever acted that way in the series. But I guess I shouldn't be surprised since most authors tend to make us act outside of our true personalities. I mean, I could push you on the ground right now and start living out one of my erotic dreams but it wouldn't mean a thing 'cause I'm not really like that. True, I've done some weird stuff in the past, but not without a good reason."

"Hehe, I can vouch for that."

"Yeahâ€|though I'm still puzzled by one thing."

"What's that?"

"How come we never do fuck on the show?"

"Well, they don't want to get us together for a while 'cause it might ruin it for the audienceâ€|and this is a soap opera, anyway. Besides, your dreams about me should be enough to tide everyone over for anotherâ€|couple of minutes."

"Okay," Sheridan agreed, nodding. "Hey Luisâ€|"

"Yeah?"

"Let's fuck!"

"Okay!" The two tightly embraced and began kissing like nobody's businessâ€|and they heard loud sighs of relief, as the Passions writers were once again safe from the hundreds of fan threats pouring daily into their phones and e-mail inboxes.

"That is IT; I have had ENOUGH of this!!!" shouted Ethan, breaking free from Theresa and Gwen. "I'll make it easier for you guys, okay?!" Without hesitating, he ran toward a window, dove through the glass, and plummeted one thousand feet to his death, impaling himself on a massive pile of sharp, thick glass shardsâ€|all of Crane brand, incidentally.

Gwen and Theresa appeared in the window, with Gwen wearing a scowl. "Damnit, Ethan!!" she shouted, pointing at her ring. "I'm supposed to be Mrs. Ethan Crane, remember?!"

A glassy-eyed Theresa only stared downward with a goofy smile on her face. "Fateâ€|" she whispered.

So yeah, it appears Ethan Crane is dead. But not to worry, he comes backâ€|like every other supposedly dead person from a soap, in spite of howver gruesome the person's death may have beenâ€|I mean, hell, just ask Stefano DiMera.

And so, the rest of Harmony continued along their merry way-some sickeningly happier than others, but we're not naming names *cough*Charity-as if it were a normal day. Well, that is, until Kay turned psychotic and took Tabitha's place as Harmony's newest witch. As Charity discovered her powers at their peak, she sprouted large, happy wings and fought in a battle of good versus evil opposite her cousin, using every spell in the book. This continued daily until the

earth, falling out of orbit from the impact of the spells, collided with Mars and sparked an astral chain reaction and the galaxy blew up.

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THE END

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I credit that very last line and the method of Ethan's death to my friend Black.

To Passions fans/writers/actors reading this (God only knows why the writers and actors would be reading it), hey, I warned you. ^^;; (Well, to be a good sport, you can still flame me if you want, but don't expect a serious response in return)

End
file.